

— A Botchy Ballad. —

There's now place like the auld faim. The auld faim town
~~The auld faim town.~~

There's something in the thought o' that gies my hert a stoon
For I can see the peat reek as do rise for the fire
I can hear the warm milk-spurking in the coggie in the dyke
An I wish, I wish I wis there.

Jack's polishing his boots in the botchy by the door
Alec's early for bed, I can hear the devil snore
Jack's got a thup on ays that's what's in the win'
An there's a lass, a lanky lass the night when work is ^{deen}
An I wish, I wish I wis there

Oh I could jink roon the faim fine too far I ken she'll ^{ee}
She wadna hear me coming, I'd gress sae cannily
I'd spit my hauns firm over her een or wis she could blink
I can hear her say fa's that, an we say fa did ye think
An I wish, I wish I wis there.

An fae I took my hauns awa tae kiss my airm in hers
mine ~~was~~^{wa'd} be handin' firmie in anither wee bit bress
An maybe as we took the road, I'd slip it roon her
waist,
An draw her warm cheek closer, Oh fine I min the
taste
An I wish, I wish I wis there.

Theres nae place like the auld faim, the auld faim's
toon

Ye ken noo the thought o't that gie's my hert a stoon
It's a kin a sweet vexation, + I maybe should'na tell

But I seem tae see her sittin, an she's sittin' a'
hersel
An I wish, I wish I wis there.

With complements